Cap'n Warren's Wards

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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CHAPTER XV .- Continued.

His niece was expecting him. She had anticipated his visit and was prepared for it. From the emotion caused by his departure after the eventful birthday she had entirely recovered or thought she had. Stephen's ridicule and Mrs. Corcoran Dunn's congratulations on riddance from the "encumbrance" shamed her and stilled the reproaches of her conscience. Mrs. Dunn, as always, played the diplomat and mingled just the proper quantity of comprehending sympathy with the

congratulations. "I understand exactly how you feel, my dear," she said. "You have a tender heart, and it pains you to hurt any one's feeling, no matter how much they deserve to be hurt. You feel that you may have been too harsh with that guardian of yours, You remember what you said to him and forget how hypocritically he behaved toward you. I can't forgive him that. I may forget how he misrepresented Malcolm and time-but to deceive his own brother's children and introduce into their society a creature who had slandered and maligned their father-that I never shall forget or forgive. And-you'll excuse my frankness, dear-you should never forget or forgive it either. You were a brave girl, and if you are not proud of yourself I am proud of you."

So when her uncle was announced Caroline was ready. She entered the library and acknowledged his greeting with a distant bow. He regarded her gindly, but his manner was grave.

"Well, Caroline," he began, "I got your letter."

"Yes, I presumed you did." "Um-hm. I got it. It didn't sur-

prise me what you wrote, because I'd seen the news in the papers, but I was hopin' you'd tell me yourself, and I'm real glad you did. I'm much obliged to you.

"I-I gave you my reasons for writing," she said. "Although I do not consider that I am in any sense duty bound to refer matters other than financial to you; and, although my feelings toward you have not changed-still. you are my guardian, and-and"-

"I understand. So you're really engaged to Mr. Dunn?"

"And you're cal-latin' to marry him?" "One might almost take that for granted," impatiently. "Almost, yes. Not always, but gen

erally, I will give in. You're goin' to marry Malcolm Dunn. Why?" "Why, because I choose, I suppose."

"Um-hm! Are you sure of that" "Am I sure?" indignantly. "What do you mean?"

"I mean are you sure that it's because you choose, or because he does, or maybe because his mother does?" She turned angrily away. "If you

came here to insult me"- she began. He interrupted her.

"No, no!" he protested gently. "Indo. But, as your father did put you in my charge, I want you to bear with me while we talk this over together. Remember, Caroline, I ain't bothered you a great deal lately. I shouldn't now if I hadn't thought 'twas necessary. So please don't get mad, but answer me this: Do you care for this man you've promised to marry? and see him every day and be to him what a true wife ought to be? See him, not with his company manners on or in his automobile, but at the breakfast table and when he comes home tired and cross maybe? When you've got to be forbearin' and forgivin' and"-

"He is one of my oldest and best friends"- she interrupted. Her uncle went on without waiting for her to end him. the sentence.

"I know," he said. "One of the oldest, that's sure. But friendship. 'cordin' to my notion, is somethin' so small in comparison that it bardly counts in the manifest. Married folks ought to be friends, sartin sure, but they ought to be a whole lot more'n that. I'm an old bach, you say, and ain't had no experience. That's true, but I've been young, and there was a time when I made plans. However, she died, and it never come to nothin'. But I know what it means to be engaged, the right kind of engagement. It means that you don't count yourself at all, not a bit. You're ready, each of you, to give up all you've gotyour wishes, comfort, money and what M'Il buy and your life, if it should come to that, for that other one. Do you care for Malcolm Dunn like that, Caro-

She answered defiantly.

"Yes, I do," she said. "You do. Well, do you think he feels the same way about you?"

"Yes." With not quite the same promptness, but still defantly. You feel sartin of it, do you?"

She stamped her foot. "Yes, yes, yes!" she cried. "Oh, do say what you came to say and end it!"

Her uncle rose to his feet. "Why, I guess likely I've said it," he "When two people care for each other like that they ought to be knew that you'd been lonesome and egraphed you?"

troubled, maybe, and all I can say is | that I'm awful glad for you. God bless you, my dear! I hope you'll be as happy as the day is long."

His niece gazed at him, bewildered and incredulous. This she had not expected.

"Thank you," she stammered. "I did not know-I thought"-

"Of course you did-of course. Well, then, Caroline, I guess that's all. I won't trouble you any longer. Goodby.'

He turned toward the door, but stopped, hesitated and turned back again. "There is just one thing more," he said solemnly. "I don't know's I ought to speak, but-I want to-and I'm goin' to. And I want you to believe it! I do want you to!"

"What is it?" she demanded. "Why-why, just this, Caroline. This is a tough old world we live in. Things don't always go on in it as we think they'd ought to. Trouble comes to everybody, and when it looks right sometimes it turns out to be all wrong. Ifme to you-that I may even pardon in if there should come a time like that to you and Steve, I want you to remember that you've got me to turn to. No matter what you think of me, what folks have made you think of me, just remember that I'm waitin' and ready



"Stephen Warren, have you been him? Have you?"

to help you all I can. Any time I'm ready-and glad. Just remember that, won't you, because— Well, there!

Goodby, goodby !" He hurried away. She stood gazing after him, astonished, a little frightened and not a little disturbed and touched. His emotion was so evident, his attitude toward her engagement was so different from that which she had anticipated, and there thing in his manner which she could not understand. He had acted as if he pitied her. Why? It could not be because she was to marry Malcolm Dunn. If it were that she resented his pity of course. But it could not be that, because he had given her his blessing. What was it? Was there something else-something that she did sultin' you is the last thing I want to not know and he did? Why was he so kind and forbearing and patient?

All her old doubts and questionings returned. She had resolutely kept them from her thoughts, but they had been there, in the background, always, When, after the long slege, she had at least yielded and said "yes" to Malcolm she felt that that question at least was settled. She would marry but I— Why, what's the matter?" Brough to live with him all your life him. Had not Mrs. Dunn told her over and over again what a good son he was and what a kind heart he had and how he worshiped her? Oh, she ought to be a very happy girl! Of course she was happy. But why had her uncle looked at her as he did? And what did he mean by hinting that when things looked right they some times were all wrong? She wished Malcolm was with her then; she needed

> She heard the clang of the elevator door; then the bell rang furiously. She heard Evans hasten to answer. Then, to her amazement, she heard her brother's voice.

"Caroline!" demanded Stephen. "Caroline! Where are you?"

He burst into the room, still wearing his coat and hat and carrying a travel-

ing bag in his hand. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "you're all right then! You are all right, aren't you?" "All right? Why shouldn't I be all right? What do you mean? And why

are you bere?" "Why am I here?" he repeated. "Yes. Why did you come from New

Haven?" "Why, because I got the telegram, of course! You expected me to come,

didn't yeu?" "I expected you? Telegram? What telegram?"

"Why, the-Good Lord, Caro, what are you talking about? Didn't you know they telegraphed me to come home at once? I've pretty near broke my neck, and the taxicab man's, getting here from the station. I thought you must be very ill or something

worse." "They telegraphed you to come here? Who- Edwards, you may take Mr.

Warren's things to his room." When they were alone she turned

again to her brother. "Now, Steve," she said, "sit down married, and the sooner the better. I and tell me what you mean. Who tel-

"Why, old Sylvester, father's lawyer | as poor as-as I am that I would de-I've got the message here somewhere. No, never mind; I've lost it, I guess He wired me to come home as early as possible this morning. Said it was very important. And you didn't know anything about it?"

"No, not a thing." Steve hastened to call upon Sylvester and from him learned sufficient to grasp the fact that he and Caroline were practically penniless. This he imparted to his sister, but unknown to her he visited the captain and talked over with him the probable effect the situation would have upon the Dunns. He was anxious that Malcolm should be kept to his promise.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Unmasking of the Dunns. AROLINE sat by the library win dow, her chin in her hand, drearily watching the sleet as it beat against the panes and the tops of the park trees lashing in the wind.

Stephen uttered an exclamation 'Some one's at the door," he explained. "It's Sylvester, of course. I'll let

It was not the lawyer, but a messen ger boy with a note. Stephen returned to the library with the missive in his hand.

"He couldn't get here, Caro," he said excitedly. "Wants us to come right down to his office. Come! Rush! It may be important."

The cab made good time, and they soon reached the Pine street offices. "Hope he doesn't keep us waiting long," Steve fumed. "I thought, of course, he was ready or he wouldn't have sent for us."

"Ready?" His sister looked at him questioningly. "Ready for what?" she repeated, with sudden suspicion. "Steve do you know what Mr. Sylvester wishes

to see us about?" Her brother colored and seemed a bit disconcerted.

"See here, Caro," he said, "maybe do know something, or I can gues Now, whatever happens, you've got to be a sensible girl. Somebody in the family must use common sense, and when it comes to holding a person to a promise then-confound it, Sis, w can't starve, can we?"

"What do you mean?" She rose an advanced toward him. "What do you mean by a promise? What he been doing?"

"I haven't done anything," he grun-bled—"that is, I've done what any re-sonable fellow would do. I'm not the only one who thinks. Look here, we've got a guardian, haven't we?"

"A guardian! A guardian! Stephen Warren, have you been to him? Have you—was that where you were last night? Why did you go to him? What did you say?"

"I said-I said-never mind what ! said. He agrees with me, I can tell you that, You'll thank your stars I did go before very long. I-s-sh, here's Sylvester!"

The door of the room opened. The person who entered, however, was not the lawyer, but the very man of whom they had been speaking, Captain Elishe himself. He closed the door behind him.

"Hello, Stevie," he said, with a nod to the boy. Then, turning to his niece he stepped forward and held out his hand. "Caroline," he began, "I don't doubt you're surprised to see me here. The faces of the pair led him to ask

the question. Stephen's face was red, and he looked embarrassed and guilty. Caroline's was white, and she glanced from her brother to her guardian and back again with flashing eyes.

"Captain Warren, my brother has hinted-he has said- What does he mean by holding some one to a promise? Answer me truthfully."

"I shouldn't answer you any other way, Caroline. Steve seems to be worried about the young man you're engaged to. He seems to callate that Mr. Dunn may want to slip out of that engagement,"

His niece looked at him. Then she turned to her brother. "You went to him and- Oh, how could you!"

Stephen would not meet her gaze. "Well," he muttered rebelliously, "why wouldn't I? You know yourself that Mal hasn't been near you since it happened. If he wasn't after-if he was straight, he would have come, wouldn't he?

"Stop!" She cut him short imperiously. "Don't make me hate you. And you," turning to her uncle, "did you listen and believe such things? Oh. I know what you think of my friends! I heard it from your own lips. And I know why you think it. Because they know what you are, because they exposed you and"-

"There, there! Caroline, you needn't go on. I've heard your opinion of my character afore. Never mind me for the minute. And, if you'll remember, I ain't said that I doubted your young man. You told me that you thought the world and all of him and that he did of you. That's enough-or ought to be. But your brother says you wrote him two days ago and he ain't been pear you."

"I misdirected the letter. He didn't

"Um-hm, I see. That would explain." "Of course it would. That must be the reason. Do you suppose if he were

should be glad-yes, almost happy-because then I could show him-could"-Her voice failed her. She put her handkerchief to her eyes for an instant and then snatched it away and faced them, her head erect. The pride in her face was reflected in Captain Elisha's as he regarded her.

sert him? You know I wouldn't. I

"No, no," he said gently; "I never supposed you'd act but in one way, Caroline. I knew you. If Malcolm's what he'd ought to be, I said, he'll be glad of the chance to prove how much he cares for you. But Steve appeared to have some misgivin's, and so it seemed to me that his doubts ought to be settled. And," rising as there came a tap at the door, "I cal'late they're goin' to be."

He walked briskly over and opened the door. Sylvester was standing without, and with him were Mrs. Corcoran Dunn and Malcolm.

They were past the sill before Coptain Elisha's greeting caused them to turn and see the three already there. Mrs. Dunn, who was in the lead, stopped short in her majestic though creak. ing march of entrance, and her florid face turned a brighter crimson. Her son, strolling languidly at her heels, started violently and dropped his hat.

Mrs. Dunn had come to the offices of Sylvester, Kuhn & Graves at the senior partner's request to be told, as she supposed, the full and final details of the financial disaster threatening the Warrep family. If those details should prove the disaster as overwhelming as it appeared, then-well, then, certain disagreeable duties must be performed. But to meet the girl to whom her son was engaged and her brother and her guardian thus unexpectedly and unprepared was enough to shake the composure and nerve of even such a veteran campaigner as Mrs. M. Corcoran Dunn.

But of the three to whom the meeting was an absolute surprise-Caroline, Malcolm and herself-she was characteristically the first to regain outward serenity.

"My dear child!" she cried. "My dear girl! I'm so glad to see you! I've thought of you so much! And I pity simply trusting the Lord. you so. Poor Malcolm has-Malcolm,' sharply, "come here! Don't you see

Malcolm was groping nervously for his hat, He picked it up and obeyed ta mether's summons, though with be

great eagerness. "How d'ye do, Caroline?" he stammered confusedly. "I-I-it's a deuce of a surprise to see you down here. The mater and I didn't expect-that is, we scarcely hoped to meet any one but He extended his hand. She did not

"Did you get my letter?" she asked quickly.

"Yes-er-yes, I got it, Caroline. I by Jove, you know"-Captain Elisha stepped forward.

"Excuse me for interruptin', ma'am." he said, addressing the ruffled matron, "but Mr. Sylvester told me you and your son had an appointment with him for this afternoon. Now, there was something that we-or I, anyhowwanted to talk with you about, so I



"You got my letter?" she cried. thought you might as well make one job of it. Sylvester's a pretty busy man, and I know he has other things to attend to, so why not let him go ahead and tell you what you come to hear, and then we can take up the other part by ourselves. Ain't that a good idea?"

"I-we did have an appointment with Mr. Sylvester." Mrs. Dunn admitted reluctantly, "but the business was not important. And," haughtily, "I do not care to discuss it here."

The captain opened his eyes. "Hey?" he exclaimed. "Not important? Twas about the "eal size of your father's es tate, Caroline," turning to the girl. "] thought Mrs. Dunn and Mr. Malcolm must think 'twas important for I un derstand they've been telephonin' and askin' for appointments for the last two days. As to discussin' it here." he went on with bland innocence, "why we're all family folks, same as I said and there ain't any secrets between us on that subject. Heave shead, Me Sylvester."

(TO BE CONTINUED.

Trusting the Lord

By REV. B. B. SUTCLIFFE Extension Department, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—Blessed is the man that trust-th in the Lord.—Jer. 17:8.

The blessedness of this text is for both sinner and saint. The sinner has

> Lord, and the saint has nothing more to do for satisfaction. The great obstacle to blessedness man's evil heart sin that is comof unbelief keeping the sinner from salvation and likewise the saint from satis-

nothing to do for

faction. The word "trust" has several meanings. In Psalms 2:12, "Blessed are all they that put their trust in him," it means to have confidence in the Lord as the Ruler or King. Not long ago a man held the high-sounding title of his majesty, czar of all the Russias. As such many put their trust in him. But he lost the high place and became merely Nicholas Romanoff without power to aid those who trusted him. But the one who trusts the Lord as Ruter and King has One whose title and throne is established forever.

In Ruth 2:12, Boaz speaking to Ruth concerning the Lord, says: "Under whose wings thou art come to trust." Here the word means "to find a refuge." It reminds one of the high winds and mounting waves threatening to engulf a laboring ship. But battered and blown, she comes tumbling over the harbor bar out of the stormy seas to the calm and safety of her refuge.

Or it reminds of the mother bird calling her young at the approach of an enemy and gathering them to safety under her protecting wings. So the saint upon life's stormy sea may find a refuge under the wings of the Almighty. Safety and rest from all storms and all enemies are his by

A slightly different meaning of the word is found in Psalms 56:3. "What time I am afraid I will trust in thee." Here it means "to lean on." psalmist found himself surrounded by enemies. None came to his support. There seemed no help for him. Tired and weary in the unequal struggle his soul cried out for some one to lean on and to gather strength from. Facing the surrounding enemies alone the fear of failure and defeat gripped him until relief came by trusting in the Lord or leaning on his God. Perhaps, my reader, there is no way out of your difficulties, but there is a way over, and you may tread that way by leaning on your Lord. Trust him, lean upon him, and the harder you lean the more you please him.

Another meaning of the word is in Psalms 22:8. "He trusted on the Lord that he would deliver him." It means here, "He rolled himself on the Lord." This psalm foretells the experience of our Lord upon the cross. He was there forsaken and alone, Even his God seemed to have left him and his followers had fled. His enemies rejoiced in his sorrow. The blackness of midnight gloom settled upon him. But then in spite of themselves, his enemies gave voice in this way to satisfaction. He could roll himself on the Lord. This is his desire for his people today. There may not be strength to rise and walk to him, but there is always power to roll oneself upon the Lord, to trust him and trusting, find that he not only carries the burden but the believer as

Still another meaning of the word is in Job 35:14, where it means "to stay upon." Job could not understand why such grievous sorrow and loss Almighty and plead with him, but God them. They search to find the cause and can find none. Darkness surhis God.

Glory of the Christ Child. Christ on this festival honors in-

fants, consecrates suffering, holds up to us the minds of little children, and it is another radiance and beauty added to the manger throne of Bethlehem, that from it streams the gospel of the poor, the gospel of the lonely, the gospel of the sick, the lost, the afflicted, the gospel of little children. The wisdom of Greece and Rome go into a saloon together perfectly could only spare at this time a push. or a threat, or a curse, which said to come out. The man will be drunk; he the little, the poor, the, weak, depart; will stagger and fall into the gutter get you out of the way; it was left and lie there like a hog, while the dog for the giorious Gospel of the Bless- will walk away like a gentleman. I ed Lord to say: "Suffer the little chil- object to an institution that works dren to come unto Me and forbid them such a difference in 20 minutes benot, for of such is the Kingdom of tween a man and a dog." God."-W. C. E. Newbolt.

NATIONAL PROHIBITION WOULD CONTRIBUTE TO CHILD WEL-FARE.

In the interest of child welfare, Superintendent Clarence H. Dempsey of the Haverhill, Mass., schools, thinks national prohibition should prevail, and the welfare of the children would salvation but immediately contribute to the welfare simply trust the of the nation. Professor Dempsey,

says: "I believe there is nothing that would contribute more to our national welfare than precisely this thing. I have found, in my experience, that the presence of licensed saloons prevents many children from getting as much of unbelief. The out of school as they should on account of the lack of proper food and mon to all men is clothing, and the cases of destitution the besetting sin | that come to my attention as a direct result of the use of liquor in the homes form one of the most convincing arguments to me for the abolition of the liquor traffic.

"Further than this, many children, as soon as they are of legal age to go to work, are forced to lose all schooling thereafter on account of the use of liquor at home, and in many such instances these children have the further misfortune to have made poor progress while they were in school. Inherited weaknesses, feeble-mindedness, and poor food and clothing, are very common accompaniments to the drink habit. I have no doubt, futhermore, that my own experiences would be duplicated and corroborated by superintendents and teachers the count try over."

CHILDREN PROFIT BY DECREASE

IN HOURS OF DRINK TRADE. The children in Great Britain have gained, even under such measures of restriction of the liquor traffic as have been introduced by the board of control. A recent book written by Henry Carter, a member of the board, states that the number of deaths of infants from overlying decreased by 40 per cent in 1916 as compared with 1914. The number steadily declined with the decrease in arrests for drunkenness.

Cases of cruelty and neglect of children due to drunkenness dealt with by the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children decreased from 40.2 per cent in 1914-15 to 31.2 per cent in 1916-17. With it went a general improvement in the homes and nutrition of children, better rest because the streets became quiet earlier due to the earlier closing hour of the public house. The long evenings

closing of the saloons, tended to keep the children on the streets often until midnight, while the streets would not grow quiet until one o'clock or later. Such conditions were, of course, detrimental to children's health and moral welfare. So much gain Great Britain has won for her children merely by diminishing the hours of the drink

BEER NOT A TEMPERANCE DRINK Alcohol is alcohol, either in whisky or beer. It is nonsense to claim that beer is a hygienic drink. It is drunk chiefly for its alcoholic effect, and if the alcoholic effect is produced, the danger of alcohol exists. Any one who doubts that beer can produce a certain form of intoxication need only visit the saloon and watch the beer-drinker in various stages of befuddlement or excitement. If beer does not intoxicate or produce any alcoholic effect, what becomes of the "racial craving of stimulants" which it is said to satisfy? Furthermore, heavy beer-drinking, as in the case of brewery employees, adds the danger of excessive fluid intake, entirely apart from alcohol. The heavy mortality of brewery employees is sufficient evidence that beer, so far as its effect on masses of men is concerned, is not a hygienic drink.-Eugene Lyman Fisk, M. D., in Atlantic Monthly.

A CATHOLIC PASTOR'S OPINION OF THE SALOON.

"The modern American saloon, with its gambling den, wine room, and back should be his. He desired to find the parlors, is nothing more or less than a living part of hell. It is the hangappeared to hide from him. How often out' for all loafers, toughs, sapheads, it is so with Christians. They walk and would-be sports in town. The po-In sorrow's path and troubles spring liceman in every town will tell you out on every side. They pray, but the that murders, suicides, robberles, heavens seem as brass. They cry to thefts, and all crimes, originate at the God, but he appears to have forgotten saloon bar, and any lawyer can tell you that the bought perjurers who crowd courts and make justice impossible, can rounds them. What can they do? As be secured from any near-by saloon. Job did, and doing found complete The up-to-date barroom, whether we satisfaction, simply trust or stay upon | like to admit it or not, saps the vitality of our munhood, steals the blood money from the laboring man, starves the innocent, drives women to despair, makes beasts out of men, and sends countless souls to eternal perdition."-Father Henry McGuire, Jollet, Ill.

> WHY HE OBJECTS TO THE SALOON Recently a well-known congressman gave the following as a reason why ha objected to the institution known as a saloon: "A man and a dog will sober, and in 20 minutes they will